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President Carter has stated several times that he favored granting amnesty to any illegal aliens living in the United States. On each occasion, wet Mexicans have surged across the Rio Grande, wading and swimming the river in numbers that'd make Memorial Day on the beach look like a closed meeting of your Aunt Tillie's bridge club.

From what a Border Patrolman told me, by the time the President gets the program through, he's going to have to lease part of Canada in order to have the amnesty ceremonies. Mexican workers love to come to our country. It's a grand experience for a pleasant to travel free and rest up from the hard work in his homeland. In most cases the wives and children are left home to plant the corn and beans. Mexican boys must learn a lot in the third grade. They sure do make smart husbands and fathers.

I've lost interest in working un-papered aliens. After they learned how to ride a greyhound bus better than they could a horse, most ranchers didn't have much use for them except maybe as guides to take on vacation.

Big bulk of the tourist traffic through the Shortgrass Country is the wets walking by to make bus connections to the north. We used to feed two or three parties a week until they became too sophisticated to eat ranch food.

I think that President Carter's concern went to their heads. Wet Mexicans and ranchers were once good friends. I've been hoping that they'd remember the old days. We could sure stand having a friend to help us get a little amnesty from the government.

Last week I attended the Department of Interior's hearing on predatory animals in San Angelo. The last time I'd felt that unwelcome was at a customs office in Morocco. Ranchers and politicians made a powerful plea under control. If we'd just had a sandal; walker from Sabinas or Totolan to drop Mr. Carter's name, we could have turned that burial ground into a three base homerun that would've changed our history.

Other minority groups prosper and grow in power. Christopher Columbus made more friends on his first visit to the New World than we have after living here two centuries. Somehow the herders have got off on the pinched end of the vine. Those Italian-founded crime organizations get along better than we do. I remember reading stories of wolves eating up little kids, but I never thought I'd be a part of a whole industry that was eaten up by the wolves.

Whether you agree with the President or not, you are going to have to admit that he knows how to attract the illegal immigrant's attention. Lots of Chamber of Commerces that have such a hard time gathering a crowd could sure learn from him.

Time's running short for the herders . We'd better join the wets before it's too late.